



BALLINCOLLIG COMMUNITY SCHOOL

Class of 1993

Class of 1993



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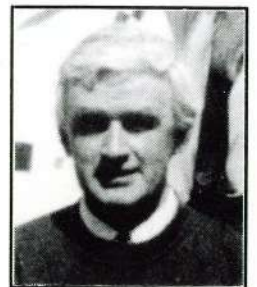
Class of 1993



Mr. Dan Murray



Mr. Seán Slowey



Mr. John Doolan

Foreword

I am delighted to have the opportunity to present this foreword to Class of 1993 Yearbook. I sincerely thank the class for the various articles written, which will ensure that 'Class 1993 Yearbook' will prove to be an excellent memento for our Leaving certificate pupils.

A special 'thank you' to Mr. J. Doolan Year Head to this year group since the class entered the school in 1988. He has nurtured the development of each pupil under his care and has instilled in each a sense of maturity and responsibility that will be appreciated by all as we enter the twenty first century.

I am confident that this Class of 1993 will be worthy standard bearers of the excellent tradition set by Classes of the previous years. Those of the class who will go into the world of work, will contribute to the growth and development of the country. Others, who will pursue further studies in third level institutions, will emulate their predecessors by obtaining excellent qualifications, which will be much sought after not only at home but abroad.

I wish to acknowledge the contributions made by our pupils down through the years, in areas such as debating, Local History projects, Science Exhibitions, Fashion/Art exhibitions etc. These contributions have been enriched by the support received from an enthusiastic staff and an appreciative community - parents and non parents.

As the Class of 1993 leave their 'Alma Mater', I hope that each will carry into life, happy memories of their five years spent at Ballincollig Community School.

Rath De ar bfuir n-iarrachtaí ins na blianta ata roimh.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely belonging to D. Murray.

D. Murray
Principal

Class of 1993



Leaving Certificate Teachers



Autographs



Class of 1993

First Year . . . The Year of New Experiences !

Brenda O'Connell

Remember way back to September of 1988 - doesn't seem so long ago does it? The first day in big school! The girls with the skirts that were pleated in the front, and the not so trendy of us with our navy socks pulled neatly to our knees! The "fellas" with their hair neatly groomed - lovely and short (God - don't times change!). And now look at us, short skirts above the knee! socks pulled down and the "fellas" with not so short hair!

Many say that the day Mr. Murray welcomed us to the school, was the day he made the biggest mistake of his life! We naturally disagree with this rubbish!

On the second day of school we met with the 2nd and 3rd years, to be honest they didn't leave much of an impression. But then on day 3 - there they were - as tall, as menacing and as threatening as everyone had predicted - it was of course the dreaded 6th years. AHHH! None of us poor creatures had ever seen so many BIG people in all our lives. We soon learned golden rule No 1 - Never cross a sixth year path - You could end up in the palms (as Michael and Co. found out nearly every day of first year).

We found many differences between life in primary school and life in the fast lane of B.C.S. The first major difference was we had an amazing 17 subjects, that ranged from Mr. Holland's "inspiring" classes to Miss Cronin's Home Ec class where David Kelleher and Thomas Cleary made their very memorable queen cakes from baking powder !.



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Our first school tour was a trip to Muckross House and Killarney. We set off early one May morning with a group of teachers. Spirits were good and the weather looking up !

When we arrived in Killarney we invaded the town - any shops that were worth visiting were visited. As for the food - by the time the "Royal Hotel" had fed us and actually got us out, I'd say that they had very little left for the other guests. By the time we got home we were tired, hoarse and BROKE. All in all it was a very successful and memorable day !

The big story from first year was the year groups first big romance between Nicola Daly and Colm O'Brien - who remember the sweet card and cuddly teddy? Speaking of romance Paul Hayes and Deirdre Jones weren't far behind, if my investigations are correct.

All in all first year at this stage is quite vague. It was a year filled with new experiences and new friends, it was a year when Miss Daly was taller than us and Colman Murray got the first report card in our year.





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Aer Lingus Young Scientist Exhibition

In January 1991, Ruth Donaldson and Janet Walker entered a project for the Aer Lingus Young Scientists Exhibition with the help of their science teacher Mrs. Lynch.

The project took an entire year to prepare. Every weekend and much of the summer was given over to completing questionnaires, carrying out practical experiments and reading through literally tonnes of information which we had gathered through the months.

Our project was entitled "Pass the Bucket" or more officially "A Study of Motion Sickness". Much of our research had not been undertaken in the past and we discovered some interesting facts.

1. More women than men suffer from motion sickness - 55% and 45% respectively.
2. The most common symptom of motion sickness is the feeling of wanting to vomit, but being unable to do so!
3. The main causes are reading in the car, poor ventilation and heat.
4. The most popular remedy was found to be plenty of fresh air.

We wanted to find out if travelling on an empty/full stomach could induce motion sickness. To check this out, we carried out some practical experiments on a few brave volunteers! Originally we wanted 8 males and 8 females but when the men!! (present 6th Years) were told that a small pinprick of blood would have to be taken first, they all chickened out. Some younger boys agreed to help us without any hesitation. A twisty route was set up in the school yard and they were driven round it at a fast speed, a couple of times. They were then questioned on how they felt. One boy (who shall remain nameless) almost succumbed to the dreaded enemy, (vomit) but was able to get out of the car fast enough!

Our efforts earned us a third place in our category. We also won a "Best Display" award. We pay special thanks to Mrs Lynch for all her help and support.

Feeling Sick to advance science

Janet Walker and Ruth Donaldson, both 15, of Ballincollig Community School, Ballincollig, Co. Cork, have learned who their real friends are. They found 11 Subjects willing to take part in experiments to study the effects of motion sickness.

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The 11 were driven through a convoluted test circuit, not once but twice, and then gave a blood sample to test for glucose levels. This experimental work formed just part of the wider study into motion sickness prepared by the two girls for the Young Scientists Exhibition at the RDS.

The idea for their project arose, appropriately enough, from a visit to last year's exhibition. Janet experienced motion sickness on the bus journey to pick up the Cork bound train, so she decided to find out why it makes you feel so miserable.

Their survey of 267 people found that over a third were affected by motion sickness. They also found that eating snacks rather than heavy meals helped to reduce symptoms, as did good ventilation.



Ruth and Janet with Mr. Doolan, Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Tyrell, Mr. Slowey and Mrs. Hegarty.



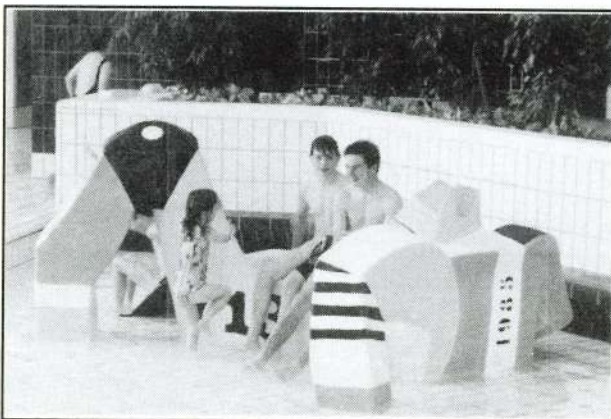
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Trabolgan Susan Holland 6th year

This was probably the highlight for some of the second years the day we all set off for Trabolgan. It was a day when school rules were relaxed and people enjoyed themselves. No Uniform was to be worn and people turned up at the school ready and eager with bags full of essentials for the day. The teachers who went with us were Mr Doolan, Fr. Michael, Mrs Walsh, Mrs Feeney, and Mr Downey. While the Roll was being called somebody shouted "the buses are here", as this point there was a mad stampede for the back of the buses.

Three buses full of students set off shortly afterwards for Trabolgan. We arrived at the day's venue in joyous mood ready for the fun that lay ahead. While some of the year group went swimming, others went bowling, playing crazy golf or generally just snooping around the area. In the swimming pool much to the disappointment of some students, the teachers did not tog down to their swimwear. Action began when the waves started rolling and people started screaming.

After the exhausting day we were all hungry so we trundled into the restaurant. To eat we got frozen ice-cream, cold chips and burgers. Surely Brenda O'Connell wasn't hungry, after all she had the most helpings. After this we were all bundled back on the buses and carted straight back to the school. The day was joy for some and not for others not mentioning any names.



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French Exchange to Nimes - 2nd Year, 1990

Clodagh Kelleher

“**V**ive la France” but don’t give us anymore ‘couscous’ (a disgusting dish served up to us in school for lunch) was the general response of the 13 members of our year group NICOLA DALY, CIARAGH O’BRIEN, MARY O’BRIEN, CLARE CARROLL, SANDRA O’SULLIVAN, BREDA O’BRIEN, ALISON HARVEY, NESSA SPILLANE, HILDA O’KEEFE, JANET WALKER, RUTH DONALDSON, CLODAGH KELLEHER AND BILLY MYLER - who took part in the French Exchange to Nimes in 1990. While the other unfortunate second years were sitting summer exams in Ireland, we were enjoying glorious weather, beautiful scenery, bull fighting, historical and famous sights, among other attractions ‘of course’ - all of which instilled in us a love for France, its culture its people!

What a sight we were the first day we arrived at the school young and innocent!! When asked to perform some traditional Irish songs, it soon became apparent that the Italia ’90 World Cup fever had annihilated every speck of Gaelic Culture in us. Eventually, under the guidance of Mrs Lennon and Ms Shine, we ended up chanting “We are the boys in green” and “We’re all part of Jacky’s Army.

For the two weeks of our stay, day trips and other activities were organised for us and we soon learned to make the most of both the good and the bad! Remember the day trip to the Carnage when a horrific thunderstorm rudely interrupted our picnic and we were forced to flee to the bus - and we thought it was only possible to rain that bad in Ireland! QUELLE surprise!

And what about our gruelling trek across fields and along stony paths to see “Le Pont du Gard” - I know we were trying to relive a bit of Roman Culture, but that was going a bit too far!

The French were ‘sweet’ to us however, and soon all our agonies were forgotten. Our visit to the Haribo Sweet Factory was a wonderful experience and all our childhood memories of Willie Wonka and his (Chocolate Factory) came flooding back to us. Needless to say we took our fill and stuffed our pockets with all sorts of (bonbons) - liquorice, marshmallows, jellies vraiment délicieux!

Despite Monsieur Puyraveau’s interesting facts about the historical sights of Nimes, on reaching “Le Tour de Magne” instead of being attracted to the tower itself, our attention was immediately focussed on the beautiful green area in front of it - perfect for sunbathing!



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And who can forget our treasure hunt in Brignon, our trips to Gordes, Avignon and "L'Abbaye du Senanque", the school disco and our cooking lesson with Madame Marron (the end results showed that inability to understand a recipe in French can have disastrous results)

Finally it was time to return home, with our red sun scorched skin (except Janet and Breda, whose tan had mellowed into a golden brown) but we'll always remember our holiday in Nimes and perhaps someday we'll return again.



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"Sweeney Todd the Barber" . . . The 5th Year Production

Claire Griffin

The debut was fast approaching and adrenalin levels soared. The midnight oil burned for many nights as the members of the cast recited their lines for the umpteenth time under the conduction of Mrs Waterman-Murphy, who was renowned for her spontaneous and fierce rages. The vindictive "SWEENEY TODD" (Vincent Flynn) was premeditating murder for his latest unsuspecting victim - "Mrs Lovett" (Brenda O'Connell), both on stage and off. The whole scene was suddenly thrown into disarray as it was discovered that Dr Lupin (Michael Crowley) was not quite the 'Frank Sinatra' as was previously thought but the play was set in motion by the replacement of the doctor by Richard Galvin. However, panic also set in as a new "Johanna Oakley" had to be found to take the place of Sharon Horgan. Within days the position was filled by Sarah Lynch. Mrs Earley's "Da Vinci's" and Mr Holland's "DIY" class were hired for the decoration and construction work and soon "FLEET STREET" the home of "SWEENEY TODD" was to become the central attraction of the play.

The curtain lifted and the play was ready to run! The props under the care of Mr Alcock and Mr Doolan were ready in the background. Mr Alcock stood waiting with a gun in one hand ready to shoot any unsuspecting loudmouths, and Mr Doolan could be seen scurrying here and there holding anything from pies to blood. Everything ran smoothly, despite a few mishaps along the way eg. when Jasper Oakley (Colman Murray) publicly admitted that he had got a mental block: "Oh !!!, I've forgotten my lines", much to the horror of his wife Mrs. Oakley (Claire Griffin)! Todd continued to kill his customers (who later became pies!) until his accomplice finally broke under the pressure of the guilt and he decided to kill her off too (much to his disappointment, I'm sure).

The scene finally ended in the suicidal death of the evil "Sweeney Todd" and by the reconciliation of the long-lost "Mark Ingestre" (Richard Finn) and Joanna Oakley, leaving an air of excitement and satisfaction felt by all. (especially Sarah Lynch!).

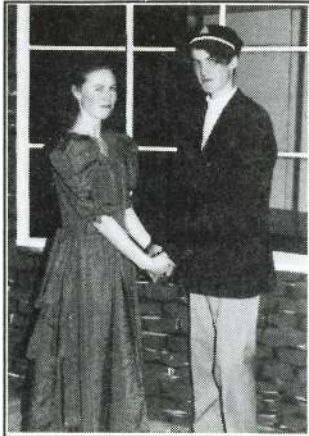




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CAST

Sweeney Todd (the Barber of Fleet Street)	Vincent Flynn
Ezekiel Smith (a mechanic)	Brian Hallahan
Mrs Rag (a poor woman)	Aileen Buckley
Tobias Rag (her son, an apprentice)	Amy Barry-Murphy
Mark Injestre (a mariner)	Richard Finn
Jean Parmine (a lapidary)	Humphery Morrissey
Johanna Oakley (a young lady in love)	Sarah Lynch
Eustace Jeffer (Colonel)	Liam Canty
Jasper Oakley (a spectacle maker)	Colman Murray
Mrs Oakley (his wife)	Claire Griffin
Dr Aminadab Lupin (a wolf in sheeps clothing)	Richard Galvin
Mrs Lovett (Todd's accomplice in guilt)	Brenda O'Connell
Jarvis Williams (a lad with an appetite)	Linda O'Donovan
Jonas Frog (the keper of the madhouse)	Peter Ahern
Sir William Brandon (a judge)	David Keane
Narrator	Helen Byrne
Narrator	Geraldine Mulcahy



Co-ordinator:	John Doolan
Director:	Edith Waterman
Assisted by:	Celia O'Riordan
Musical Director:	Helen Colbert
Orchestra:	Siobhan O'Shea, Carol Daly, Sean Kinsella
Choreography:	Celia O'Riordan
Set Design:	Agnes Earley
Costumes:	Bernie Fitzpatrick
Stage Management:	John Buttimer, Ian Mulcahy, Paul Hayes
Lighting:	Tony Weir
Special Effects:	Freddie Alcock
Prompters:	Alison Harvey, Hilda O'Keefe.
Props:	Vicki McKenna, Nessa Twohig.

Publicity:
Gillian Donnelly, Ann-Marie Daly, Mary Chute, Fr Michael Keohane

Set/Stage Construction:
Freddie Alcock, John Holland, Tim O'Connell, Niall Murray, Mark Fitzgerald, Michael Quealy, Alan Young, Brian Hallahan, Colin Linehan, Alan O'Brien, Declan Breen, Scott Fitzgerald, Aidan Healy, Bernard O'Brien, Ian Mulcahy, David Keane, Vincent Flynn, Tim Cronin, Shane Dwyer, Damien Long

Make-up:
Antoinette O'Regan, Josephine Farmer, Jill Leach, Nicola Daly, Sandra O'Sullivan, Ruth Donaldson, Janet Walker, Paula Whelan, Tina O'Keefe, Siobhan Malone, Michelle Lynch, Mary O'Brien

Front of House:
Breda Cronin, Mary Chute, Ann Marie Daly, Mairead Ni Mhurchú, Aileen O'Donoghue, Neil O'Leary, Dermot Lucey, Margaret McCrossan, Kathleen Lynch, J. J. Murphy, Sheila Hyde, Kevin McCluskey, Carmel Mulcahy, Gillian Donnelly, Lola Hegarty, Margaret Hickey, Ted Kenneally, Mairead Considine, Ann Fitzgerald, Brid Healy, Tim Kennedy Clodagh Kelleher, Helen McSweeney Sinead O'Riordan.

Special Thanks:
Tim Horgan, Eddie O'Donovan, Tim Murphy, Yardley Cosmetics, Sean Slowey, Derry Canty MCC, Lt. Col. Liam Smith, Paddy Barry (HGW), Ann Quirke, Phil O'Brien, Bishopstown Community School, Muskerry Players Theatre Group, School Bank Personnel.



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Interview with Mr. Doolan

Meg O'Connell, Brenda O'Connell

What were your immediate thoughts when you first set eyes upon us?

During the Assessment Tests in the Gym I thought I was going to have an easy five years (such innocence!!). Everyone looked keen and eager and only 140 of you! Most of you sailed through the tests and even left the Caf in a reasonably clean state. I was convinced you would make the best year group ever, forgetting you were the 13th year group.

Did you always want to be a year head? Or were you just greedy for more cash?

What do you enjoy about it?

More cash - why did't I think of that! No one in their sane senses would ever "want" to be a year head and anyone who tells you otherwise is not in their sane senses. It does have its moments though - like the last Intermediate Results, even in this world (a milestone). Plus of course the Christmas Cards and pressies etc (Hush).

Did you enjoy the past five years?

Every bit as much as the pupils did I'm sure. Time just flew past and I even heard a few new excuses. I was constantly uplifted by the enthusiasm shown by a lot of the group and I must acknowledge that I got great support from the vast majority of you and from my colleagues as well.

What was the worst moment out of the past five years?

Definitely the tragic news of Fergus hit us all very hard indeed. All other setbacks appear in their proper light compared to that.

If you won a million pounds in the Lottery what would you do with it?

I would have no excuse to avoid building my wife her dream home~ on a hill overlooking the sea. I'd save some of it until 2026 and invite you all to a bash so I could giggle at your grey hair.

What has been your greatest achievement as year head?

Totally unfair question of course. On the plus side there have been no riots (to speak of). Most pupils are doing their best to get as good a Leaving Cert as they can and many would even admit that I gave them a square deal occasionally. There - I won't push my luck.

Would you do it all again?



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Since there isn't really a queue forming for the job and since the million pounds you mention hasn't materialised then yes, I would, and indeed will, with 180 (yes, feel proud, its going to take 180 to replace you) young achievers from September 93. Hope springs and all that.

What is the most outrageous thing that you remember about us?

In truth none of you presently attending were ever outrageous as far as I know. On the contrary, I will remember the many ways you helped and encouraged each other and your fellow pupils in the school over the past five years. Basically you meant well and were generous without even being asked - the best I've met yet definitely.

What pupil/pupils stand out in the year group that you'll find hard to forget?

"Nobody really expects to be forgotten" - who said that? I doubt that I will ever forget any one of you that lasted through the first term. Admittedly I will have different reasons for remembering each but remember I will - be warned.

What made you become a teacher did'nt you have enough of school?

You must understand that the school of the pupil is totally different from the school of the teacher. I certainly had enough of the school of the pupil. As for taking on the other side, I suppose I was just lucky.

What do you think of Our track record on year group romances?

Combine Macho Men! and stunning intelligent ladies!! and what do you expect? Of course none of them will last and I suppose that's the real beauty of it all. As the poet said " Alas, unmindful of their fate, the little children play". If they do last, of course, I expect an invitation.

Why didn't you get into a pair of togs in Trabolgan in 2nd year?

Had'nt the guts - simple as that. Or could it be that, with an eye to future developments nationally, I did not want people to speculate on the possibility that I had a birthmark on my right Knee? You'll never know now.

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The Kids from Area C *[A Year Head's Lament]*

Some stayed for two years and some lasted one,
Some said goodbye before we'd begun;
One or Two, so I'm told, would go on the run,
To escape from Area C.

While a few spent their time standing out by the wall,
Most, like the Kellehers, could learn it all;
Fr Michael would say They're having a Ball,
That Shower from Area C

There was Hilda and Lynda who always took part,
Like the Lynchs and Amy, they lifted my heart,
As did Brenda whose smile would a dead pulse restart,
Some kids from Area C

Duggie, Longie, Niall Murray, the Kellys F and D,
Played Gaelic far better than we get on TV,
And Vincent played 'Sweeney' down to a T,
My kids from Area C.

We had Romance there too, every day during break,
But to tell you their names is a step I can't take,
It's been hinted to me "it might be a mistake",
Can be 'tough' in Area C

On a boat in Killarney the whole Year Group sprang,
At the feet of the Pope they prayed and they sang,
Then one Friday in May they just went on the lang,
More phone calls from Area C.

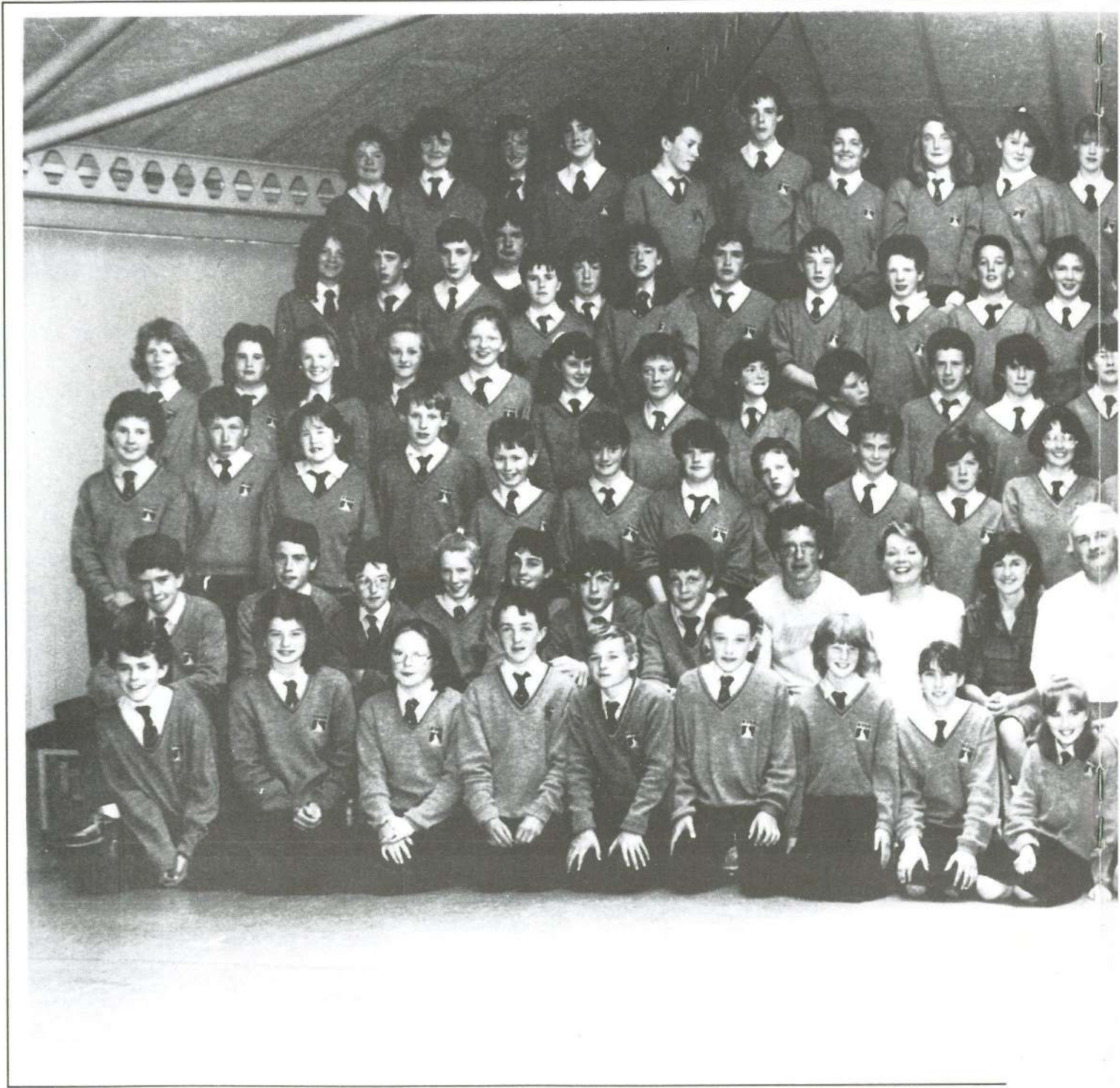
At the RDS and Vigneux they won Fame, as they ought,
They swam in Trabolgan, in the Gaeltacht some fought [*le huibheacha*]
But twice they shed tears, for Fergus, for Cait,
Forlorn in Area C.

They hadn't a Debs - the BOM saw to that,
A decision considered by some to be CAT,
Through a 'stailc' and the rumoured self-chaining of Pat,
We survived in Area C

It's 1993, they'll be soon out the door,
The best years of their lives - I'll see them no more,
Cest La Vie, ach an bhfeicfidh me a leitheidí go deo?,
Those great kids from Area C

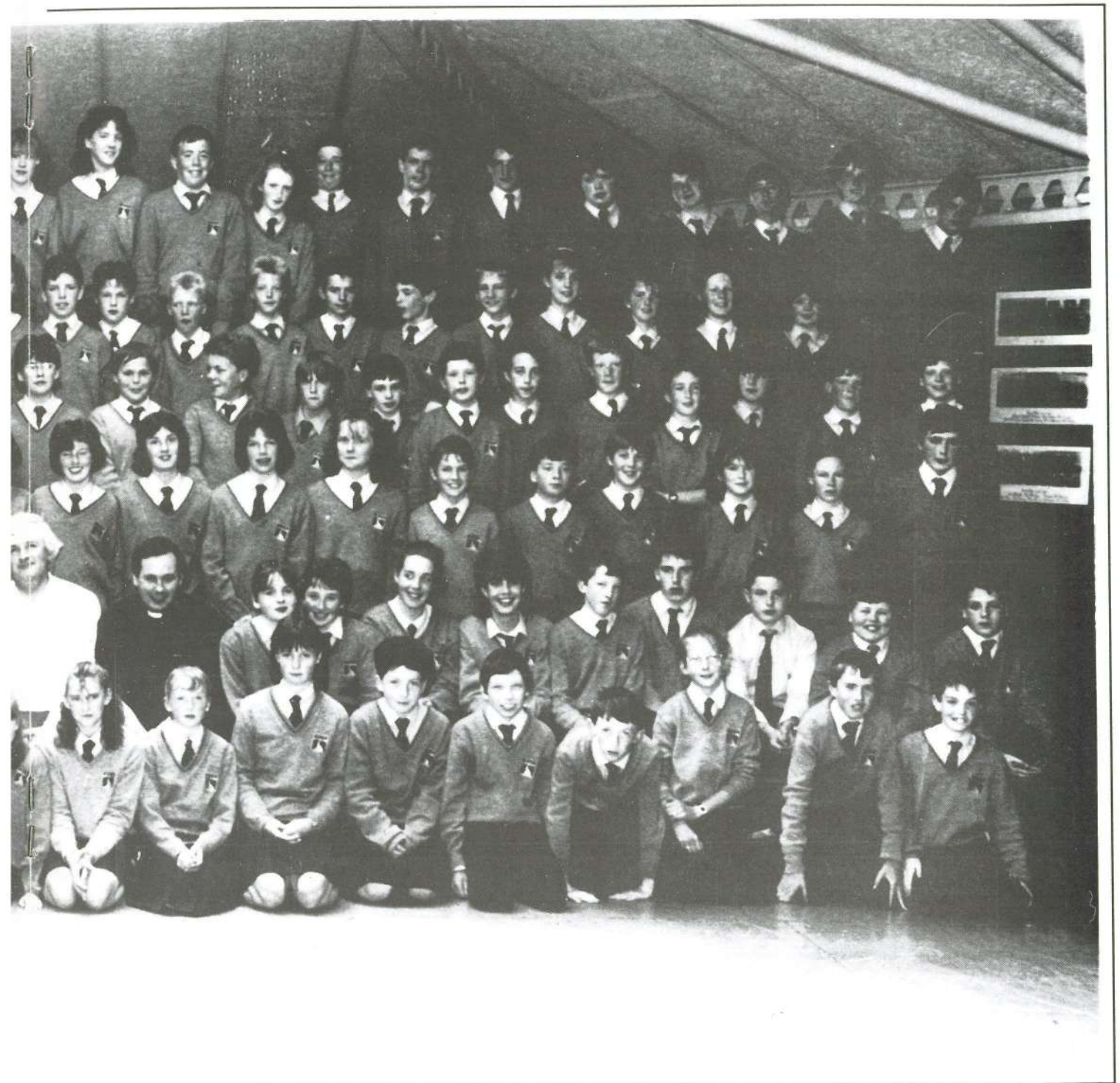


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Mr. A. Weir, Mrs Feeney, Mrs. Pope, Mr

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Mr. Doolan and Fr. Michael Keohane



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The School Bank

In 1991/1992 the school bank, in association with the Trustee Savings Bank was run by a group of seven 5th year students.

Manager: Janet Walker

Assistant Manager: Fiona Lynch

Auditor: Nessa Twohig

Cashier: Clodagh Kelliher
Ann Fitzgerald
Ruth Donaldson
Vicky McKenna

The team managed several promotions (Marsbars, Marsbars and more Marsbars!!!) However it was successful and the staff had succeeded in opening over 80 new accounts by the end of the year.

A lot of hard work i.e. slog!! went into maintaining the books of accounts but it was worth it in the end. On several occasions we lost large sums of money which thankfully were always found!

We finished our year with the accounts balanced and only 17p astray. Not bad!!

All in all it was good experience and even though we probably won't admit it most of us would do it again if we had the chance.

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Young Enterprise

Brenda O'Connell

Deirdre Ahern

Ah yes, who could forget, led by the capable hands of Mrs Casey we endeavoured upon a mission - (a mission which to be totally honest, nobody had a clue what it involved '). I am of course talking about our by now "infamous" mini company - "Scent of Life Enterprises", and Oh Boy did they scent; as Mrs Casey can confirm (she has yet to get rid of the smell from the press in the Home Economics room ').

We elected a board of management - Fiona Mulroy, Brenda O ' Connell, Elaine O ' Driscoll and Deirdre Ahern . Our next task was to get workers , or as they were known - Achievers '

Unfortunately when the day came to begin producing the product, it was a case of - "which end of the glue sticks?" - or - "can anyone here actually sew?".

Surprisingly enough we did manage to sell some of our products, which included - pot pouri hats and sachets, chutney and marmalade .

Each month we were expected to attend a meeting, which we could only describe with the utmost sincerity as "Different".

To be honest at the outset nobody could have predicted how much hardwork and dedication was actually involved. If we had known I doubt that we would have embarked upon our mission'



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Sport Stephen Murphy

Sport was not exactly high on the list of priorities of this yeargroup. Mind you, the choice available wasn't overwhelming, Gaelic Football, Hurling or Gaelic Football. There were occasional forays into the worlds of Soccer (Eurofoot in 2nd year) and Rugby (5th year blitz in Musgrave Park which proved to be good only for a half-day) But really it was G.A.A. alone which could provide some extra-curricular activities of sporting nature for the class of '93.

Of the two Gaelic games it was the 'BIG BALL' which gave the better chance of success. However, it wasn't until 3rd year that a really serious assault on a Trophy was undertaken. Under the tutelage of Mr Kennelly and Fr. Keohane the U-15~ Team battled through to the final of the Cork Colleges "B" Championship. After a comfortable Quarter - Final win over Douglas came a shock victory against Skibbereen. The final was an All - Ballincollig affair with Scoil Choilm providing the opposition at the local pitch. Unfortunately, on the day, the school from the Eastern side of the village proved too good for that of the West, the margin after a thrilling game being 3 points.

Understandably, the Team's achievements here were expected to lead onto bigger things the following year. A first-round meeting with Mallow in the Munster Colleges U-16s "B" Competition was handled with some ease. The next match though, against St. Colman's of Fermoy proved an obstacle too big to surmount. B.C.S. played against a gale-force wind in the first half and went in at the break, O - 9 to O - 1 down. Chances of a comeback became even slimmer when a thumb injury forced Niall Murray off. This proved extremely costly in the end as St. Colman's were ahead by a goal at the final whistle, in spite of a fine Adrian Duggan goal from a free-kick. Interestingly, St. Colman's were beaten by a point in the next round by the eventual Munster Champions, St. Augustine's of Dungarvan.

6th year saw a new team of selectors. Fr. Michael had left the Parish so Mr. Kennelly linked up with Messrs Buttimer and Cuthbert. After a lengthy delay the team went up against a stronger and more experienced De la Salle, Waterford Team in the Munster Senior Championship. De la Salle had a comfortable victory margin in the end but not until after a great effort from the B.C.S. lads. There was a similarly quick exit from the County Championship, this time against Macroom.

There can be no doubting the dedication and commitment of these players. This is obvious from the enormous amount of challenge matches and training sessions they would partake in. While the outcomes were usually disappointing it certainly wasn't a waste of time or effort. The mutual respect between players and coaches helped enormously and Mr Kennelly was certainly impressed with the consistency of a number of players and forecasts bright futures for some of them. Stand up and take a bow; Adrian Duggan, David Kelly, Eamon Long, David Murphy and Niall Murray.

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As for the hurlers, well, eh, lets just say that success was hard to come by. The 'High' point came at U-15~ level and once again it was Scoil Choilm who proved the tormentors. After two exhilarating matches it was Colm's who advanced and went on to win the competition. After that, with Mr Holland as coach, nothing went right, although a few members of the yeargroup participated in the Harty Cup, the Premier Schools Competition in Munster, namely Adrian Duggan, Finbarr Kelly and Damien Long. B.C.S. went down heavily to St. Flannan's, Ennis but there proved to be no shame in this when Flannan's went on to destroy all opposition on their way to All-Ireland victory.

On what I suppose you would call the 'Domestic Front' the Annual School Sports were dominated by two individuals, Niall Murray and Adrian Duggan. This pair shared the four awards given to the overall winner each year from 1st year to 5th year. Is there to be a decider in 6th year?

Hockey

Moira Bourke

For the past four years girls hockey has been run in Ballincollig Community School, with great success. It began in 1989 when Brid Cronin, a teacher in BCS decided they needed a girls sport and so took it upon herself to recruit anyone interested in the game, along with the help of Dolores Fitzgerald. There was a large response and the first girls Hockey Team was formed.

For the first year there were about 20 girls involved. These girls are now the present 5th years and one 6th year. Well, during the first year we weren't entered in any league but played plenty of practice games. During the year we really improved.

As the second season approached we were well able for the Minor League (under 14). The new first years also were well able to play. There was a great response that year also.

As the third year came along there were enough girls interested to make 3 Hockey teams in the school. There was a Minor and two Junior teams. Since second year we have gone from strength to strength. We are a talented group of girls and always try our best. For example, this season our present intermediates are doing well in their league and so are our Juniors and Minors. Last season all three teams did well also.

Since hockey has started in Ballincollig Community School, it has gone from strength to strength. There are currently four hockey teams in the school, ranging from first years to the present fifth years and one sixth year. The response over the years has varied and now this sport is a permanent fixture at Ballincollig Community School. Unfortunately Ms Cronin left the school last year, so the girls have to depend on themselves a lot while Ms. Cronin and our coach Dolores Fitzgerald give their spare time to train and manage the teams.



Class of 1993

The year finished up well. The Intermediates were beaten in their Cup. They were knocked out in the semi-final by Midelton 2 - 1. They finished up 2nd in their league and did well over all in both their league and league campaign.

The three captains were Matilda O'Neill (1st year), Catherine Sheppard (2nd year) Junior, and Moira Bourke (6th year) was Intermediate captain.

We would like to thank Brid Cronin and Dolores Fitzgerald for all their support in training us during the past few years, and for the success of all the hockey teams in Ballincollig Community School.

Eurofoot '90

David Keane

IRELAND 1 ENGLAND 0
B.C.S. Wolverhampton

Instead of "The Boys from Brazil" marching out it was the "Boys from B.C.S." marching out onto the main pitch. It was the last day; the final match of the tournament. Us against them, Ireland versus England. A few hours beforehand, both teams had suffered a defeat from Spanish team, Pamplona. So both teams were looking forward to leaving the French soil with a victory. Five minutes before kick off the pressure began to build up. The first half got on its way. Shots from Eamon Long, David Kelly and Niall Murray had the English defence on their toes at half time. At the half time interval the score still remained

Ireland 0 England 0
B.C.S. Wolverhampton

Coming out on to the pitch after the half time break there was only one change. Colman Murray came on for Eamon Long. "He played his part", quoted Mr. Doolan. The English first attack of the second half resulted in a corner. The corner was taken and cleared out by Damien Long and Colin Kilty. One more English attack was a failure and the ball was cleared out to Colin Lenihan who immediately passed to Niall Murray. A ten yard solo run by Niall left the ball to Colman Murray. Colman took control of the ball like a true striker. As he approached the English goal mouth he had two options, to pass it across the square to the awaiting Adrian Duggan or Paul O'Connor or take it on himself. Well! He took it on himself and plotted it into the corner of the English goal. "Goal", he cried as he was surrounded by his fellow team mates.

Five minutes remained on the clock. An English attack which would have resulted in the equalizer, but a crucial interception by Alan O'Leary saved the day. The last attempt by the English swung across our goal mouth but ended up in the hands of our goalkeeper (me).

Class of 1993



The referee blew the whistle, the game was over, we were victorious, over the English.

Team and Coaches

1. Colin Cronin
2. Damien Long
3. Colin Kilty
4. David Keane
5. David Kelly
6. Eamon Long
7. Alan O'Leary
8. Adrian Duggan
9. Niall Murray
10. David Culnane

11. Paul O'Connor
12. Colman Murray
13. Stephen Murphy
14. Michael Queally
15. Colin Lenihan
16. Scott Fitzgerald

Mr T Weir
Mr J Doolan





Class of 1993

King Lear (Dublin) 7th December, 1992

Sinead Quirke, Catriona Whelton

At approximately 9.15 pm a group of "semi-comatose youths were seen to arrive at Kent Station unaware of the disappointment that awaited them. Yes, the unthinkable had happened. The poor innocents had missed the train " "

As the early train drew out of the station their fellow students (the punctual one's) shared in their suffering by screaming a few well meaning sympathetic phrases at them. Dozens of hands (and other bits of the anatomy) could be seen making various cheery gestures at these oh so unpunctual youths. However, all was not lost and these poor lobotomy cases managed (how we'll never know) to catch the next train. That is, except for a certain Ms. Nessa Spillane and a certain Ms. Caroline Murphy who decided it would be more worthwhile to just go back to bed and catch up on lost sleep.

After 22 hours of travelling we arrived in the BIG SMOKE and began our half hour trek to the Tivoli Theatre. Of course we would have been there sooner had the word "bridge" been in our vocabulary, but then again you can't expect miracles, now can you? (only joking)

The play was excellent. However, you don't have to take our word for it. Just ask Bernard O' Brien, who spent the entire first half discussing the theme of love as a redemptive force with the theatre manager. Well Done B.O.B..

The behaviour on the way home on the train was "immaculate" and saw many students partaking in fruitful discussions with other passengers. One elderly lady, so overcome by such an amazing display of chivalry and good behaviour thought it necessary to relay messages of approval and congratulation to our school...

In conclusion we can only repeat the applause for our young ambassadors and wonder to ourselves. Has Sony Records heard Eamonn's rendition of Red Rose Cafe? We should hope so.

END

*The names of these students will not be revealed so as to avoid any undue embarrassment.

Class of 1993





Class of 1993

5th Year School Tour

Jill Leach and Ann FitzGerald

It was April the 9th, 11 hundred hours. Friends, teachers and even parents gathered to wish us farewell, but did Vicki and Paul know that theirs would be FOREVER ???

Once France was reached, the long and tedious bus journey began. But one wonders if it proved monotonous for some ??? Vincent and Hilda continued to enjoy themselves until they reached the beautiful city of Paris.

Two days later, and a bit worse for wear, our hotel in Rome was finally discovered. Not long after our arrival it was time for dinner and the hungry masses now found paradise. The following day, all enjoyed the special mass said by the Pope. But from then on it was watch out Italian Stallions the B.S.C. girls have arrived “

Soon it was time to wave goodbye to Rome, and we were in agreement that our fun - filled time was just too short. Next Pit Stop was PISA, and most feared being flattened by the leaning tower or even worse, being accosted by a black man selling hats.

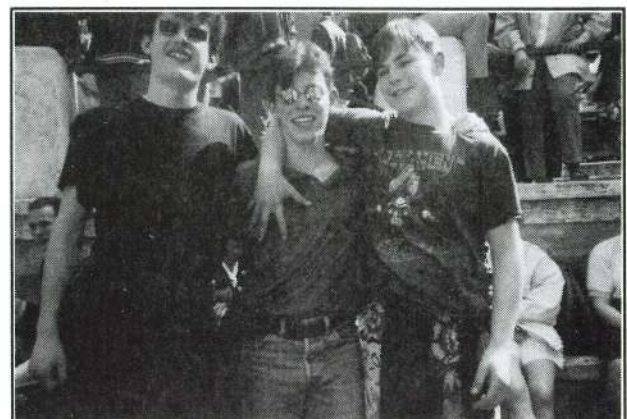
Then came the journey to the boat and soon poor Ms. Harrington had to bid farewell to that friendly bus driver. The next leg of the trip was quite exciting for lots of people. At the disco, one wondered if it was true love between SCOTT and FIONA MULROY” . . . but obviously not.

Other people seemed to enjoy themselves too, as French men seemed to be the order of the day for MOIRE BURKE.

Finally, as the bus strolled into B.C.S. 79 singing voices could be heard, and one screaming Richard Galvin. Never the less, it was agreed that a wonderful time was had by all.



Class of 1993





Class of 1993

An Gaeltacht - 1991

Helen Crowley
Niamh Fleming

We knew it wouldn't be easy but 50 courageous students on the 6th November 1991, were determined to experience "an saol mar a bhi ag Peig". We were accompanied by Mr Doolan, Mr Buttimer, Fr Micheal, Inion Ni Mhurchu and Miss Daly. Sleeping bags, walk-mans and a video-camera, all alien to the Life of Peig, arrived in Wine Strand to find three-bedroomed bungalows and not thatched cottages.

We spent the next hour preparing for the highlight of the weekend - "An Ceilí". Ach, mair a shroichimid an halla, ní raibh aon ceilí' ar siul. On arriving back at the chalets, we were warned by overprotective 'muinteoir' not to mix with the buachailli o Bhaile Atha Cliath, but as Nessa Twohig knows, that they would try anything, even hiding in your wardrobe" ' Saturday dawned with a Kerry man "ag caint as gaeilge".

Then we went to Gallarus Oratory where Miss Daly climbed through a ' f huinneog - an bheag ' and Fiona Lynch and Ruth Mc Carthy tried to make conversation with the ' talent ' of Kerry . As it could only happen in Kerry, the bus broke down. But to our amusement, we had on board our bus, Aogán, who abandoned all of us B.C.S. beauties for a Kerry girl. That night we hit town again for another Ceili. We eagerly waited for the arrival of other schools but to our disappointment all that walked through the doors was five Kerry lads. We danced the night away to the Kerry polkas. (Shandra's and Zoes weren't a patch on it). We then returned to the chalets for an egg-citing time.

Sunday morning was mass"as Gaeilge". Then a quick rush home to clean the chalets before inspection time. Then we boarded the bus for our journey home. On the way home, we stopped at a pier where we could see The Blasket Islands. We then risked our lives, for our journey home was along the Dingle Peninsula. Ar aon nos, bhaineamar go léir taitneamh agus tairbhe as ar dturas agus gabhaimid go leir bulochas leis an tuasal Doolan, an tuasal Butttimeir, an tathair Micheal, Iníon Ní Mhúrchú agus Iníon Ní Dálaigh. Ní dheanfaimid dearmad ar úr dturas go deo'



Class of 1993





Class of 1993

German Exchange 1992

Liam Canty

Let me tell you Warendork was the place to be. Every day the sun shone. The group, Jill Madden, Mairead Considine, Helen Byrne, David and Andrew Pope and myself would lounge around the pool in 28 degrees of heat. Aoghan would join us every now and then, that is if he wasn't too busy ballooning or camping. On our way home we would stop off at Enzos for an ice cream. After we ate, we headed home, which usually took me a half an hour because I had to travel five miles to "Freckenhorst" on a bike built in 1958. I must say that bike and I never got on. The tyres burst 3 times and the brakes went twice, once when I had to stop at a traffic light thus nearly crashing into the back of a lorry. I also remember locking it to a tree and coming back later to see it covered in birds. If that wasn't enough, I had lost the key to open it. Eventually, I cracked the lock open with a penknife. Anyway, by the time I got home and had something to eat, whether it was gherkins or frankfurters, and got changed it was time to head back. The rendezvous was "8.00 pm at The Well in the Marktplatz". I usually arrived at 8.30 pm and could see Helen rolling all over the place laughing at me because of my very "springy" saddle. It was now that we would decide where to go. If we had money, we would go to the "Disteela" or the "Tenna" (wouldn't we "Helen"). If we had little money we would hit Enzos. If we had none, we would sit by the well across from the "Apotheke" and talk.

Now and again we had a tour laid on. One such tour was to "Maximillian Zentrum". Here stood a huge glass elephant and at the top it was full of tropical plants. The best part was the lake, into which Helen fell and didn't think very funny but I thought it was comical.

The rest of my hols was action packed, whether it was being chased across the town square by a wino or hearing strange noises coming from the "Apotheke" window.

When I was in Germany for the three months I was lucky enough to try their system of school, it's so different to ours.

Here is an account of a typical school day in Germany: At 6.15 am every day, including Saturdays, I was called to get up. I greeted Barbara's family with a fake smile (like I'd love to see you at 6.15 on a Saturday morning). My breakfast consisted of fresh eggs hatched that morning, black bread and black coffee. After breakfast it was time to have a shower. At 7.45 am Barbara and myself cycled to school, calling for Mirja and Heika on the way.

School in Germany is so relaxed, there aren't any uniforms, no detention, or any teachers to be seen "patrolling" the corridors.

School begins at 8.00 am. One Tuesday morning we began with Maths. Manfred hadn't his exercise done. He came straight out with it and said to Frau Recker that he hadn't his work done. Her reply was to have it done for tomorrow, and sure enough he had it done.

Their classes last for 40 mins and at the end of each class they had a 5 min break. Lunch lasts for thirty minutes and they finish school at 1.00 pm.

Then it's back home for lunch which usually was rice and raw mince meat, and then it was time for a snooze.

The evening was for us to do as we pleased

Class of 1993



Myross Wood Fifth Year Retreat

We will always carry many very happy memories of Myross Wood with us. We learned a lot about each other and ourselves there. It was a very open retreat we were not afraid to express our emotions as Declan and Anne-Marie made us feel very relaxed.

They told us about their own lives and of how they came to the retreat centre. They told us what it meant for them to know God, they offered us guidance in our own decision about God and religion.

It was not only a religious retreat but we talked about relationships between one another, self-defence, meditation and other topics. Declan and Anne-Marie were very liberal, they were on the same wave-length as us.

Fr Michael kept well out of our way during the retreat. We only saw him on Monday evening when he put a video on for us. We didn't see much of him but when we did we could really talk to him as adults.

Before we went home on Tuesday we organised our own personalised Mass. After lunch we had the Mass which was different to other Masses. We chose our own songs, prayers and readings. It was very special.

We will always remember our special time away from school with our class group. We all have some little 'secret' we are still trying to hold on to. We have memories of the dormitories or the forest, where high expectations and dreams began and some came true for the lucky people.

Maybe one day we may go back on a reunion to relive our hopes and dreams once again. A special 'Thank You' to Fr Michael Keohane and also to Declan and Anne-Marie.



Gillian McCarthy and Ann-Marie Kidney



Class of 1993

